

The Family

ABOUT ABBIE.

Abbie Ben Adams—may her life be spared!

Awoke one night, and felt a trifle scared;
For on her shirt-waist box, cross-legged,
sate

A Vision writing on a little slate.

Exceeding nervousness made Abbie
quake;

And to the Vision timidly she spake:

"What writest thou"? The Vision look-
ed appalled

At her presumption, and quite coldly
drawled:

"The list of Our Best People who de-
part

For watering-places sumptuous and
smart."

"And am I in it"? asked Miss Abbie.
"No!"

The scornful Vision said. "You're poor,
you know."

"I know," said Abbie; "I go where it's
cheap.

I can't afford mountains or prices steep.
But, ere you leave, just jot this item
down,

I never leave my cats to starve in
town."

The Vision wrote, and vanished. Next
night, late,

He came again, and brought his little
slate,

And showed the names of people really
best.

And lo! Miss Abbie's name led all the
rest!

—Carolyn Wells.

HOSPITABLE SABBATH.

By Lucy Jameson Scott.

"Aren't you going to church, mamma"?
Claire asked wonderingly, as she noticed
that her mother was making none of the
usual preparations on a bright Sabbath
morning.

"Not today; I am very tired, dear."

The little girl looked keenly at the
downcast face.

"Mamma, would you be too tired if we
were back in Edendale?"

"Don't speak of it. That would be so
different."

Claire sat down and leaned both arms
on the table. "I know it, mamma.
Wouldn't the folks be glad to see us
come in? Auntie Joyce and all the lad-
ies would say so and our minister'd
say, 'How is my little girl this morning?'
and your Sabbath-school class would
smile at you, and all the girls would
smile at me, and—oh, mamma!" here
the sunny head went down upon the
folded arms and Claire sobbed: "I
don't see—why the girls here—are so
diff'rent. They just looked at me and
whispered to each other. They don't
smile a single—nor ask me to be in
things."

Mrs. Leslie patted Claire's head sooth-
ingly, but could not speak. She let her
cry until the little girl's hopeful spirit

checked the homesick tears, and she lift-
ed her head.

"But I'll have to go to church, mam-
ma, because you know I promised Miss
Carey with all the rest, and the year
isn't out yet. Don't you think I ought to
go same as if I was at home, even if
'tisn't nice"?

"Yes, Claire; I had forgotten your
promise. There's time to get ready, if
you hurry, and I'll try not to be so fool-
ish another Sabbath. You won't mind
going alone"?

"Not so very—prob'bly that usher
man will put me in the same back-most
pew where I can get into the corner.

With her mother's help Claire was
ready in season, and started off bravely,
turning at the corner to throw back a
kiss to the watcher at the window.

"How can any one help loving her"?
Mrs. Leslie asked herself as the ener-
getic little figure disappeared.

Six months she and Claire had been in
the city and going regularly to the
church of her choice, but were still treat-
ed like strangers. It was all so different
from the village church at home where
she and her husband—until his death—
had been working members, and where
Claire had been "in things" to her
heart's content. Now, with the mother
in a store all the week, the change
meant homesickness and discouragement.

It was nearly two o'clock when Claire
came in, rosy and excited.

"Oh, mamma!" she began, "you'll like
to go to church next Sabbath, for they're
going to have a Hospitable Sabbath.
The minister said so, and he hoped the
people would remember that everybody
was expected to do something. He said
he wanted even the children to do their
part. Think o' that! After Sabbath-
school I asked my teacher would she
please tell me what hospitable meant,
and she said, 'pleasant and kind and gen-
erous.' So I guess the people here have
just one Sabbath when they smile and
shake hands, and if we're there we'll
get acquainted."

She paused, quite breathless, and Mrs.
Leslie looked at her with puzzled eyes.

"Are you sure, Claire? I can't think
what the minister meant, but I never
heard of a Hospitable Sabbath."

"That's what he said, mamma, just as
earnest as could be. He didn't mean a
joke, for you see he isn't that kind."

Mrs. Leslie laughed. "No, dear, Dr.
Webb certainly would not joke. Well,
we will see when Sabbath comes."

It was a very happy Claire who helped
dress herself in her best clothes a week
later.

"I'm rather unstylish, mamma," she
said, "for a girl in my class told me so.
She said my sleeves were small where
they ought to be big, and big where they
ought to be small; but I don't believe
people will notice on Hospitable Sab-
bath."

"No, dear. Your clothes are clean and
whole, and you must try to remember
that God looks at our hearts."

"Yes'm, I told that girl so, and she
laughed and said per'aps you could turn

my sleeves upside* down if you tried.
Could you?"

"We'll see," said Mrs. Leslie, hopefully.

Claire's face was radiant as she entered
the vestibule of that great church. An
old lady, beautifully dressed in black silk,
gave her an answering smile, then stop-
ped, and said: "How happy you look,
darling! Are you strangers?" and she
shook hands warmly with Claire's moth-
er. "Come and sit with me this morn-
ing."

She kept the little girl's hand in hers
as she led the way to her pew, much
nearer the front than they had ever been
before.

"I used to have a little girl with a
bright face," she whispered.

"Where is she?" Claire inquired.

"She grew up, and now she lives away
over on the other side of the ocean. I
haven't seen her for two years."

"Oh, that's too bad!" and Claire gave
the softly-gloved hand a sympathetic lit-
tle squeeze.

While they were singing she whisper-
ed very softly to her mother, "Isn't it
splendid? and so diff'rent."

Before the sermon the very dignified
minister said to his very dignified peo-
ple: "I hope you will remember the wor-
thy cause to which we contribute this
morning. Please put your offering in the
envelopes which you will find in the
racks, and give them to the collectors."

Mrs. Leslie quietly examined the small
brown envelope. "For the City Hospital,"
she read. Then she knew it was "Hos-
pitable Sabbath," instead of a day when
everybody was to be "pleasant and kind
and generous." But Claire sat serenely
unconscious and did not notice even
when her dear old lady folded a bill and
tucked it into the envelope.

After the sermon she fancied that there
was a sort of gladness among the people
that she had never seen before. Pretty
ladies, with sleeves of just the right
shape, came to speak to the dear old
lady and to her mother.

"Won't you come to our missionary
meeting on Wednesday night?" and
"Shall we see you at our mothers' meet-
ing? Do come," they urged; and the dear
mother's face grew bright as she thank-
ed them.

"Is that your little girl?" one of them
asked, adding in a low tone, "Her face is
so happy I should think she might make
sunshine anywhere."

Before Claire reached the Sabbath-
school room, two of the girls seized her.

"Oh, Claire Leslie!" one of them ex-
claimed, "did you know that you sat
with that rich, rich Mrs. Pratt? She
lives in the big house with lions in front."
And the other said: "Won't you sit be-
tween Lou and me today? I'm going to
have a birthday party month after next,
and I'll invite you."

Claire responded with all her loving,
happy heart to these friendly advances,
and for the first time in six long months
felt at home in the big church. The
teacher inquired where she lived, and
when she could call, and gave her a mite-
box such as she had had in Edendale, to
hold missionary pennies. She ran home